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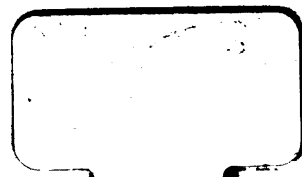
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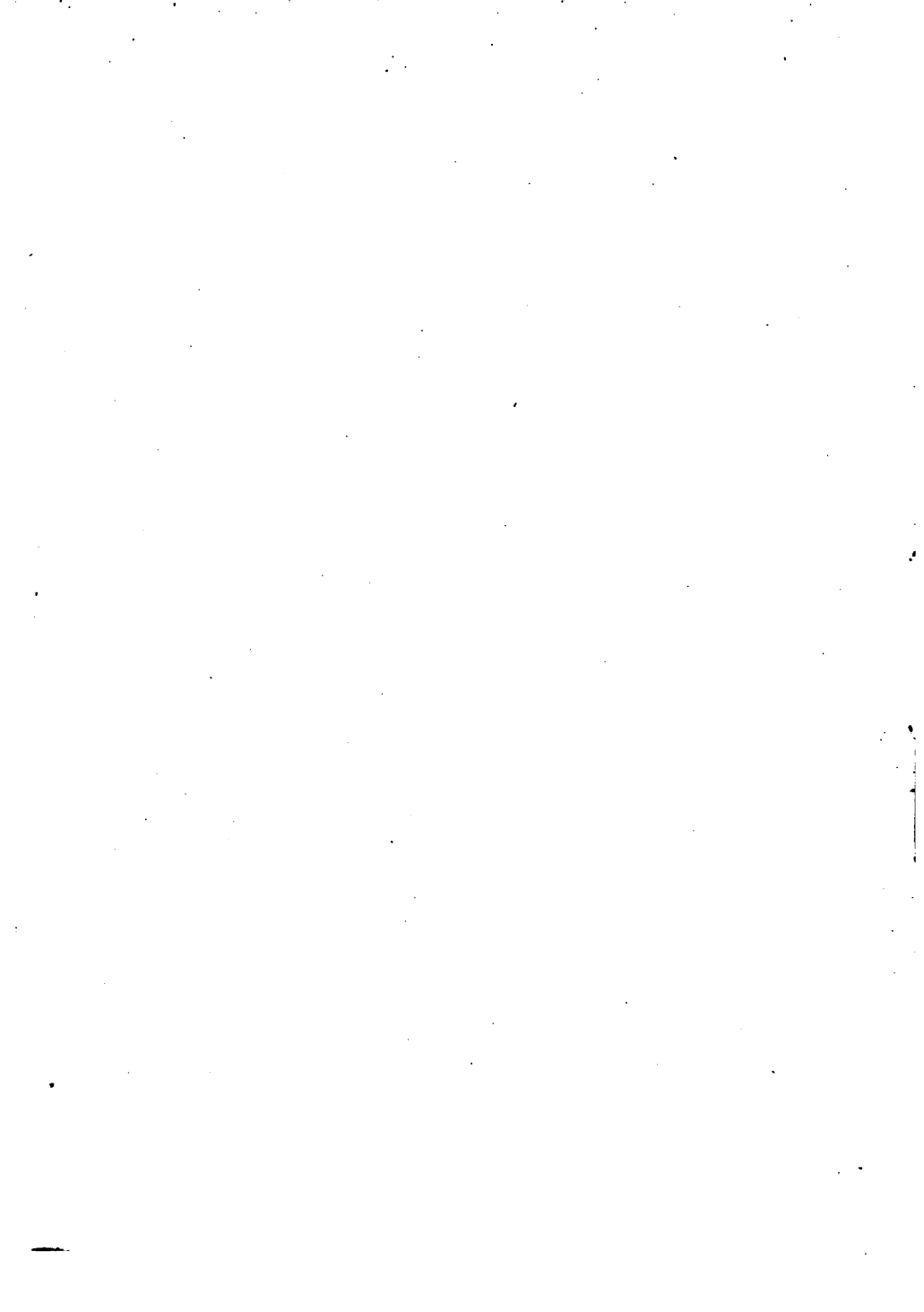


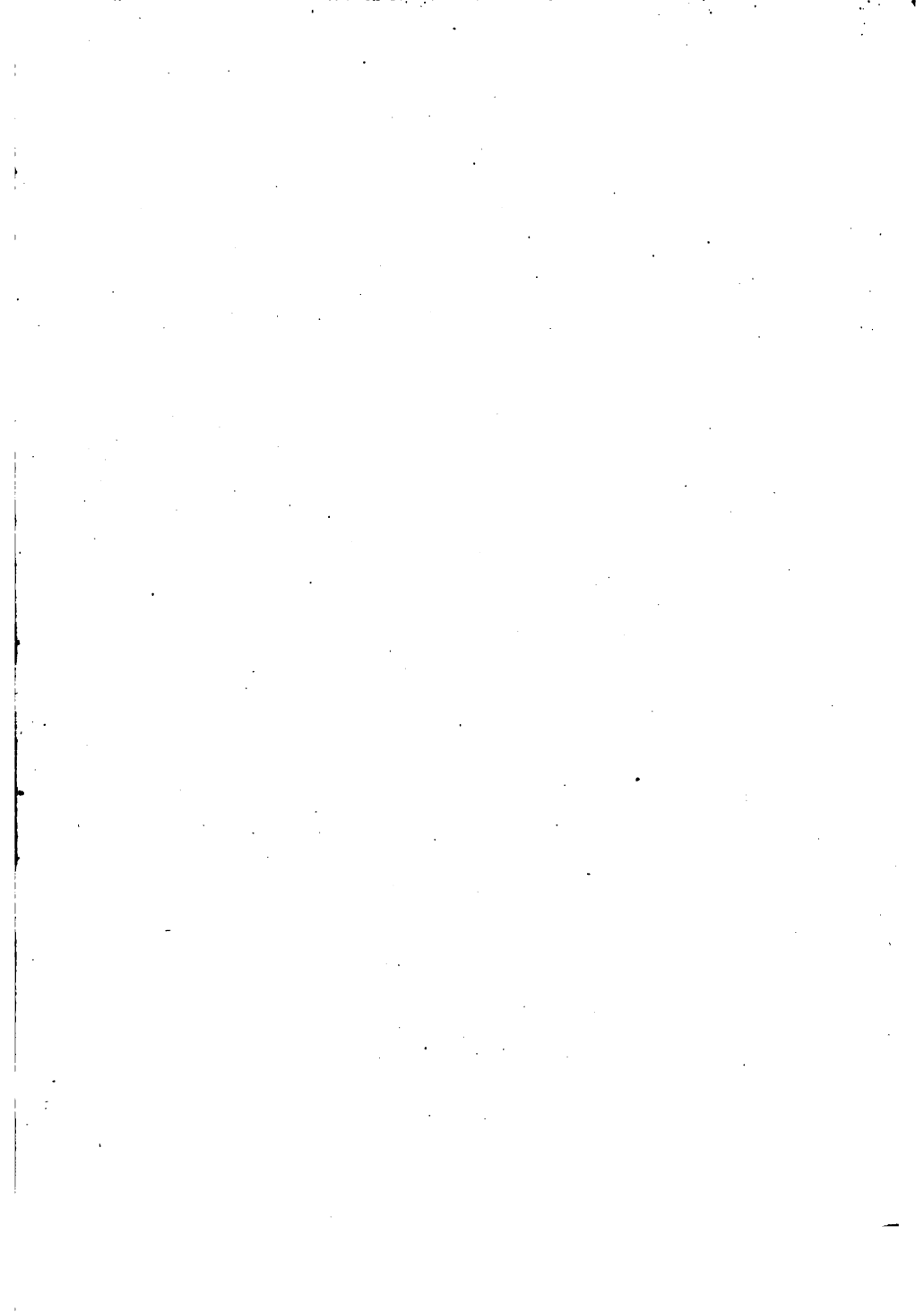
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THE HOUSE OF AEGEUS

and

OTHER VERSE

by

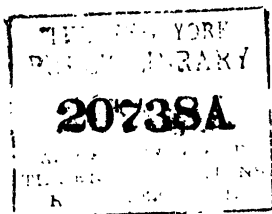
EDWARD G. HILL



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LOUISVILLE, KY.



To
Some Dear Old Good Fellows
I've Known

RECEIVED
JULY 1911
NEW YORK

FOREWORD

There is a certain gift of nature—and this the most cherished in the heart of humanity—which is used by the possessor in entire simplicity and sincerity, without sophistication and even without deep consciousness. This is the gift of the old balladists, it is the gift of the exquisite Moore, it is the gift of those who hold many hearts. The lyric verse, a simple, passionate musical expression of a single, definite feeling, is its best, its natural, its true and perfect form, and in that form it has done its finest work.

To the friends of Edward Hill—to whom his book is dedicated and is about to come—I need not say that this gift is his; we know, all of us, what gracious powers have touched him and with what they have endowed him. Nevertheless, I take true pleasure in saying it: His muse is the singing muse, and her voice is exercised, as always, with tenderness, with human feeling, and with no least affectation. He has sung, in person, to many friends, at many times—for me, when I most wanted and most needed his voice; he sings now, in this little book, in the same spirit and with the same effect.

—Margaret Steele Anderson.

Louisville.

November, 1920.

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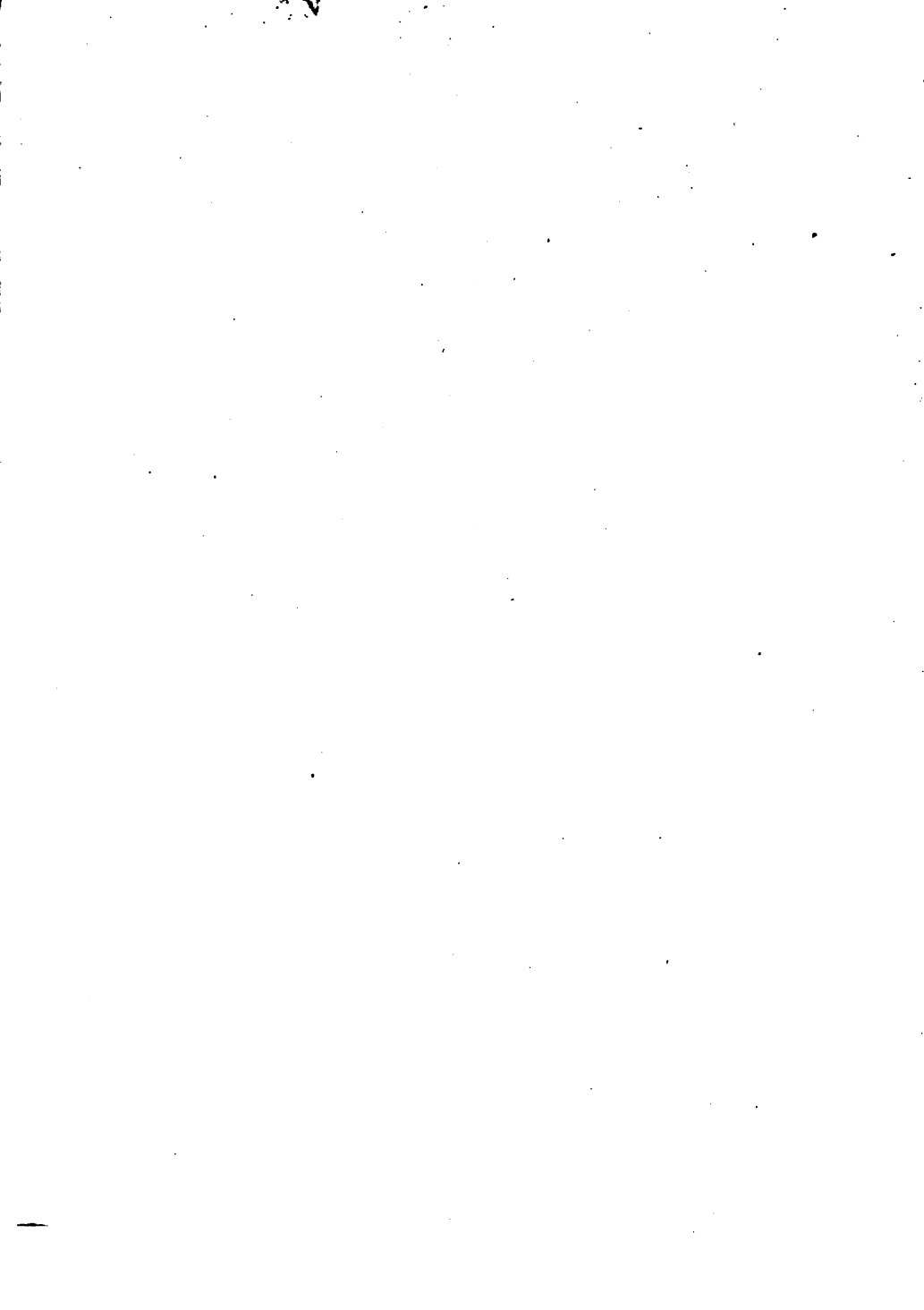
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PART ONE



THE HOUSE OF AEGEUS

A PLAY.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Medea.....Wife of Aegeus
Aegeus.....King of Athens
TheseusSon of Aegeus and Aethra
Pallas.....Brother of Aegeus
Aethra.....Mother of Theseus
Pandia.....Medea's Attendant
LycomedesOne of the Populace
Courtiers, Attendants, Populace, Etc.





THE HOUSE OF AEGEUS

(PROLOGUE)

SCENE—

A Forest Glen in Peloponnesia.

TIME—

About 600 B. C.

(As curtain rises, Aegeus and Aethra are seen sitting on a rock, their child Theseus standing nearby.)

AEGEUS—

Time turns to dusk our fleeting day—
And Athens calls—I must away!
'Tis there, sore vexed, impatient now,
The crown awaits my truant brow.

(He rises and stands before her.)

When grown to fruitful manhood, bless'd
With new mortality,
A hope I fondly treasured

The House of Aegeus and Other Verse

E'en now, to gain the crown when, from life's
shore,

My bark sets sail ne'er to return—therefore,
Let thou my charge safe in thy keeping lie:
Whene'er the test is made

Give thou to him the blade (*points to
Theseus*),

That to a crown in Athens he may hie!

(Pauses, takes the boy in his arms.)

In the darkness, in the day,

There's a place for thee:

To my heart thou'lt know the way;

Love's hand holds the key!

Be thy presence near or far,

Over land or sea,

May some blessing, like a star,

Guide thee on to me!

(Puts down the boy and turns to Aethra.)

(They embrace and Aegeus departs.)

(C U R T A I N .)

The House of Aegeus and Other Verse

SCENE—

*The veranda of Aegeus' Palace in Athens.
Medea sitting amid her attendants with
Pandia beside her.*

TIME—

Twenty years after prologue.

ATTENDANTS—(*Singing.*)

Medea here hath Fortune bound thee,
Like a flower fair,
Sweetest perfume lingering round thee,
Idling in the air!
Bless'd by Fate's benign provision.
Love abased to dire derision—
Hope departed—
Pleasure thwarted—
Fortunes of an heirless race,
All restored by thy grace!
Let the darken'd shades of sadness
Banish from each brow!
May supernal beams of gladness
Greet our visions now!

MEDEA—

Who approacheth 'neath the palace wall?

PANDIA—

'Tis Pallas: This the hour of meeting.

The House of Aegeus and Other Verse

PALLAS—(*Entering.*)

Here am I, in answer to thy call.

MEDEA—

Ah, Noble Sir, I give thee greeting!

PALLAS—

My thanks, in truth,
I give, forsooth,
Since thou hast summon'd me.
'Tis my desire
Now to inquire
What might my mission be.

MEDEA—

Thou'lt learn before departing thither;
Naught shall be in vain.
Pandia attend me!

PANDIA—

Mistress, I wait thee!

MEDEA—

Stay not, with my women, hither.
(*To Pallas*) Pallas, here remain!
(*Exit Pandia and Attendants.*)

PALLAS—

Is thy message, then, a secret,
Since to trust them thou dost fear?

The House of Aegeus and Other Verse

MEDEA—

Yea, O Pallas, never secret
Resteth well in woman's ear!

PALLAS—

Is thy dream of gold,
Thirst for riches slaking,
Bringing woe untold,
Happiness unmaking?

MEDEA—

Nay, for more!

PALLAS—

Then give o'er.

MEDEA—

Thou'st heard ere now that I am come to
bear
This erstwhile tottering throne a sovereign
heir—

PALLAS—

Verily I have heard't and, too, I find
The State toward peace more in itself inclin'd
Than 'twas ere thou didst come.

MEDEA—

I do confess
That harb'ring me Aegeus doth assess
My freedom for his lacking progeny

The House of Aegeus and Other Verse

And doth demand that it be born of me.
Yet, why should ransom thus by me be paid
To loose the fetters childlessness hath made?
Would'st thou but lend my words an aiding
ear

I might myself the regal circlet wear!

PALLAS—

Thou know'st Aegeus bears nor love of mine
Nor loyalty! Speak on—thy doubts resign!

MEDEA—

Once within the wide domains
Where, through Pittheus, Aethra reigns,
Aethra, with Aegeus dwelling,
Brought a son—Theseus his name.
Beneath a stone was placed a blade
And sandals rich with jewels made
That the son, by strength impelling,
Should in time the heir-looms claim.
This self-same Theseus grown
To manhood, rich in fame,
Hath come to claim his own.
Our kingdom is his game!
May we by intrigue mar his fancy's flight
And let the Hemlock grant us soaring might.
*(Suddenly in the distance the populace
is seen exulting over a powerful youth
[Theseus] in their midst, whose name or*

The House of Aegeus and Other Verse

identity they do not know. They are rejoicing over his having killed the dreaded Marathonian Bull.)

LYCOMEDES—

Thy thunderous sword
O valiant Lord,
Hath felled the deadly foe!
Thy mighty arm,
Despite alarm,
The Marathónian Bull laid low!

PALLAS—

And who is he they welcome so?

MEDEA—

Theseus!—His name they lack to know.

PALLAS—

Why should not I now slay him?

MEDEA—

Thy sword could not outweigh him.
*(The crowd in the distance halts.
Theseus addresses them.)*

THESEUS—

By this good blade of virtue made,
Each tyrant low shall fall!
From every foe, from direst woe,

The House of Aegeus and Other Verse

I seek to save ye all. (*They pass on.*)
(*Enter Aegeus.*)

PALLAS—(*To Aegeus.*)
Behold yon curious Lord;
How stalwart he and vain!

AEGEUS—
And, so 'tis by his sword
The Marathónian Bull lies slain?

PALLAS—
'Twas his, the same.

AEGEUS—
Pray, what his name?

PALLAS—
I know not, Sire.

AEGEUS—
'Twere well t' inquire!

MEDEA—(*Aside to Pallas.*)
And dost thou hear?

PALLAS—
He beareth suspicion!

MEDEA—
Bid Theseus come.

The House of Aegeus and Other Verse

PALLAS—

I'll to my mission.

MEDEA—

A feast shall I prepare in honor of his feat:
In silence robe thy thoughts and tinct' the
hemlock sweet! (*Exit Pallas.*)

AEGEUS—

What thought doth hover in thy brain,
Fair Medea, of this stranger?

MEDEA—

I would were not my words in vain,
Bespeak impending danger.

AEGEUS—

Some dark foreboding? Tell me—

MEDEA—

Well may'st thou frown:
This stranger would o'erwhelm thee
And gain thy crown!

AEGEUS—

Ye Gods! Seek not to burst my brain,
O'erfraught with fears impending!
But grant me proof: I'll give thee rein
To wreck this one offending!

(*Theseus in the distance is heard addressing crowd.*)

The House of Aegæus and Other Verse

("By this good blade of virtue made
Each tyrant low shall fall, etc.")

MEDEA—

List, thee! Doth not he loud cry out,
"Each tyrant low shall fall?"
Leave all to me—thy sole redoubt—
He'll answer Death's grim call!

ÆGEUS—

What means would'st thou employ
To end his prizeless race?

MEDEA—

The Hemlock shall alloy
His hopes, his joys displace:
Do thou, O King, remain nearby.
A feast I'll spread—on me rely!

(Exit Medea into Palace.)

ÆGEUS—*(Alone.)*

Immortal Gods, preserve my sense!
Should Theseus for whom my life I've lived
From me by this egregious man be rived?
Ah, vain untimely recompense!
Avaunt, O rancorous thought,
Fond hopes dispelling!
Seek not my cup with woe to fill!
This crown, for Theseus wrought,
With joy excelling,

The House of Aegeus and Other Verse

Shall don his brow in triumph still!
All hail, thou one annointed!
All hail my soul's desire!
Thou, Theseus, Heaven appointed,
All power shalt acquire!
On thee, our proud Athenian state,
Depending hangs its future fate!
With Might, and Honor's palm thy theme,
Be thou of earth the sire supreme!

(Exit Aegeus.)

(Enter Pandia and Medea's women, carrying stuffs for the feast.)

PANDIA—

Bring ye my lady's rare appointments
The rich repast—sweet scented ointments.

(They spread the table.)

ATTENDANTS—*(Singing.)*

The ladened branch, the tireless bee,
Present a feast bespread for thee!
Juicy figs and grapes appear;
Emblems of a prosperous year!
Fill thy cup, the olives share!
Welcome joy! Away with care!

PALLAS—*(Entering.)*

Haste, Pandia, tell thy mistress, ere too late,
That Pallas anxiously doth her await!

The House of Aegæus and Other Verse

PANDIA—

I'll to her in yonder halls.

(She exits into Palace.)

PALLAS—

Theseus, thy death knell calls!

To this dread vial a single hour

Grants triumph o'er thy soaring power!

Thy doom, besealed,

(Holds up the vial containing the poison.)

In this revealed,

Farewell, thy life's rich-blooming flower!

MEDEA—*(Entering.)*

This deed beshames my matron cheek,

To sever Life's sweet chain!

PALLAS—*(Aside.)*

She comes, whose favoring grace I seek.

(To Medea.)

Here lingers Death's grim stain!

(Hands her the vial of poison.)

(Exit Pallas.)

MEDEA—*(Taking the vial.)*

Since thou dost now the vial bestow

I'll pay the time but short-lived woe

And haste to mould my late appeal,

Triumphant, into future weal!

The House of Aegæus and Other Verse

O Life thou art a fickle spell
Of which the purpose none can tell!
(Holds up the vial of poison.)
Bacchus hath willed that by the wine
A crown of empire shall be mine!

ÆGEUS—*(Entering suddenly.)*
Say'st thou a crown? And wherefore thine,
I pray?

MEDÆA—*(Confused.)*
Thou heard'st me but repeat what he did say,
Who would depose thee, when, amid the
throng,
He, but few moments back on yonder way,
'Mid plaudits loud, did boldly pass along.

ÆGEUS—*(Turning he sees the crowd in the distance.)*
Look ye, the crowd! 'Tis he!

PALLAS—*(Entering.)*
Soon waned his pomp shall be!

MEDÆA—
Give countenance to smile—
Dissemble all the while!

The House of Aegæus and Other Verse

ÆGEUS—

Alas, he treads the tinsel'd way
That dooms him back, unripe, to clay!
(Enter populace, soldiers, etc.)

MEDEA—

Haste thee to the feast prepared,
Life with joy imbuing!
Thou who triumphs rare hast shared,
Taste the bounty uncompar'd,
All thy strength renewing!

PALLAS—

Leisure we treasure
United with thee,
Pleasures our measure
When plighted with thee!

LYCOMEDES—

Cast care aside and list our song,
Thou champion of Right;
O'er waves of pleasure glide along—
Thy joys be our delight!

THESEUS—*(Entering.)*

Sire, here am I! And now my mind's best
theme
Shall ever be, of thee, my deep esteem!
I've journeyed hither from afar,
The gods becharmed my guiding star,

The House of Aegeus and Other Verse

By dint of strength I'm here!
I've many a monster's head laid low
That man in peace might come and go;
From birth exempt from fear.

MEDEA—(*Aside to Aegeus.*)

Thou hast to fear on earth, but him, no one;
Let us begin that which 'twere well were done.

AEGEUS—(*Turning to Theseus.*)

Had I within my keeping, gallant Lord,
The richest rhyme of welcome clothed in
word

I'd give it thee inscribed on slabs of gold!
But, lacking in the speech I'd have thee read,
Pray thee, accept the purpose for the deed:
Let future joys be from this cup foretold!

(*Theseus takes the cup.*)

PALLAS—(*Aside to Medea.*)

Thrice thirty deaths, unseen, dwelt in the
vial!

MEDEA—(*To Pallas.*)

His life ebbs, like a sun-ray, from the dial!

THESEUS—

Ere I this cup to emptiness shall drain,
Whose living fragrance cheers the wearied
brain

The House of Aegeus and Other Verse

With thoughts of deeds men well might will
were done,
Which though desired by all few've scarce
begun,
I pray thee, fearless King, grant me, thy
guest,
The sacred lot—by me a prized behest—
Of blessing this repast and to declare
My brightest hopes for thee whose joys I
share!

AEGEUS—

Whatever thy desires may be
I grant them full satiety.

THESEUS—

Ye Gods, by whom are Heaven and Earth
controlled,
Who in your mandates measure earthly meed
And shape the consequence of every deed,
Thus preordaining Destiny's decree—
On heavenly scrolls of gratitude enroll'd
Pray bless our names to shine eternally!

AEGEUS—(*Aside.*)

There dwells 'neath heaven than he no fairer
youth!

PALLAS—

Though envious I, 'twere vain to parry truth.

The House of Aegeus and Other Verse

THESEUS—(*To Aegeus.*)

Enriched before us gen'rous Nature lies
Revealed in the fresh'ning increase here,
Ennursed of Earth, enlivened of the skies:
Thus bounteously may joys thy days endear!
May, like the Star of Morning, brightest be
Thine eve'tide days to bless and comfort thee!
May Heaven's unnumber'd hosts on thee and
thine

Their several blessings speedily incline!
Thus, in true hope besworn, unto thy land
I pledge my life by this good sword.

(Draws his sword.)

AEGEUS—

Thy hand

But stay! Hold thou the cup aloof
Thy lips! Thine ancient sword bears proof
'Tis not for thee! Stand thou apace!
Ye Gods 'tis he! Those sandals grace
Thy feet which with the noble blade
Lay in the Peleponnesian glade!
My race is run!
The prizes I've won!
The flood-gates of my soul are sprung! I sing
With joy! Rise, Athens, hail thy future king!

LYCOMEDES—

Hail, Sovereign Lord, thou brightest star of
Time,

The House of Aegeus and Other Verse

Gleaming resplendent in thy youth!
By virtue rare dispelling gloom, sublime
Thou art! Heaven's harbinger of truth.

AEGEUS—

Come to thy father's arms!

THESEUS—(*Embracing him.*)

Ah, but to win
Thy smile, thy hand, most richly compensates
All hazard of the road I wandered in!
Athens, I swear, shall, by th' Eternal Fates!
Transcend, as gods do men, all other states!

AEGEUS—

The welcome borne thee doth so touch my
heart
Words would profane the thanks I would
impart!

PALLAS—(*Aside to Medea.*)

Oh, hapless one, our doom is nigh!

MEDEA—(*To Pallas.*)

Silence!—

In this thou'rt yet unknown! Boast innocence!

PALLAS—

Thou givest back my life to me! And thou?

The House of Aegeus and Other Verse

MEDEA—

Bethink me e'en already dead; for now
Aegeus counteth moments as my days
And doth condemn and slay me with his gaze!

AEGEUS—

The words thou said'st, Medea, that a crown
Of empire should be thine, haunting my ears,
Proclaim thy villainy and drag thee down
Where, languishing, thy balm shall be thy
tears!
Though, by thy beauty, thou hast well conceal'd
And shown me not thy deep malignity,
Thou wear'st no more thy mask but art reveal'd—
Thy punishment born of condignity!
Though I, unflinching oft' have vengeance wrought,
E'en harb'ring pity yet no mercy given,
Crushing, in justice, hearts repentance fraught,
Would thou could'st die—thou hast my heart so riven—
In thund'rous shafts hurl'd down of Juno's fire
To check the judgment of my awful ire!

The House of Aegeus and Other Verse

THESEUS—

Sire, stay thy vengeance if thou mak'st it
mine!

AEGEUS—

'Tis justice speaks, nor vengeance mine nor
thine,

Commanding me this stern example bear!

List', Medea, thy life's damnation hear:

'Mid cold, encircling walls, where dwelleth
Night

Breathing remorse upon remembered light,

Within the sound of all that's gay and free

Which, through thy wont, doth hourly sum-
mon thee,

Thou solitary, wretched shalt remain

To rue the garlands thou hast sought in vain,

Conscience, the cruel cross whereon the blast

Of Memory's fire, torturing, shall bind thee
fast!

MEDEA—(*Rising.*)

Cease thou! Let not the measure of my days

In moments marked, be more in gall immers'd

By thy condemning words! Thy marbl'd gaze

Already hath declar'd me accurs'd!

Hear me! Bear with me yet awhile:

I quaff the mortal draught of my own tears

'Still'd from allur'd Ambition's limbeck vile;

The House of Aegeus and Other Verse

My hopes lie ashes 'neath a fire of fears!
Ah, as the wind doth often in the night
Draw flame from smould'ring ashes long forgot,
Thy words my mantled conscience bring to light
And with it, in my bosom, do complot
To dash me down in madness! Visions bright
Of that I sought long since to gain, now lost,
Turn'd flitting fiends, far off yet near before
The mirror of my mind, reflect the cost
My life hath reckoned! For that sweet shore
Of innocence I counted once my own
I yearn, too late in vain! 'Tis left for me
To drain the dregs brew'd from the seeds I've
sown!—
Yea, from this cup prepar'd, Theseus, for thee

(She takes the cup of poison.)

My soul doth quaff repentance and is free!

(She drinks from the cup—and dies.)

(CURTAIN.)

PART TWO



The House of Aegeus and Other Verse

HOPE.

I tried to see—the night was dismal, dark;
And yet a star—but one—still led my way,
Until, unfailingly, that tiny spark
Brought me in safety to the dawn of day!

FLOWERS.

It is sweet to gather flowers
And to wreath them into bowers
For the grave that's dug and filled;
And 'tis good to utter praises
Over one who's 'neath the daisies
When his Song of Life is stilled;
But 'tis nobler and 'tis better
Just to treat men by the letter
Of their merits while they're here;
For a glance of faith or token
To the heart that lives, though broken,
Sanctifies each after tear!

JEALOUSY.

It famishes, it thirsts and, seeking, finds
 No need to satisfy: Betimes it blinds
Its eyes to Truth,—for nutriment relies
 On poisoned food, self-spread, and glutting
 dies!

SHADOW HOURS.

Etched on the sunset's silent, soothing glow
Mute images, cloud-patterned, gently go
Yielding to Day their shadow-voice adieu,
Enthralling me with dreams of night and you!
Love questions not nor speaks! I see Day die,
Spelling to me no realer reason why
That I should love than that 'tis you, sweet one,
Entwines my heart like the wild rose: 'Tis done!
I've plighted you eternally my heart,
Entreating it may find its counterpart.
Nay, when the moon-lit hours wane into dawn
Still may your heart yearn for the hours then
gone!

VINTAGE.

What though upon Night's bosom blows
The storm-wind like a dart?
It cannot cleave the warmth that glows
Within my burning heart.

What though the leafless branches bend
Beneath the chilling sky?
'Tis for my heart the harvest end,
The vintage hour is nigh.

What though the autumn mists shroud low
The sobbing twilight blur?
I know the autumn sunshine's glow
Has ripened fruit for her.

The grapes from Love's own vineyard-land,
Ripened for Love to take,
But wait the pressing of her hand
The wine of life to make!

M O M E N T S.

Not in slow evolving years
Joy-fraught or steepéd in tears,
Not in oft' remembered days
Of brief hours
When bright flowers
Bloomed and birds chirped merry lays,
Do our lives their pivots find;
But, within the mirrored mind,
'Tis in moments—scarce begun
Ere they wend
To an end—
Victories loom lost or won!

REVELATION.

I was cold,
And then the sun shone down;
I was tired
But then the grass was smooth.
I'll doubt no more, forsooth,
For warmth and rest brought truth!

AU REVOIR.

Reluctantly, as from its dewy bed
On wooing breath of Morn from its long sleep
Beneath its cloak of leaves and garlands deep
Each violet awakes and lifts its head
Rejoicing when Spring's mellow horn doth wind
To call it to caress the Sun's soft smile,
I bid thee go, that thou may'st spend the while,
Being gone, in gaining all thy heart would find!
In yielding thee, with fervor and with grace,
Never, like lingering mists upon the lake,
Gainsay I the desire, which e'er shall be
Heartfelt, to call thee back to me apace;
And though Fate's hand thy presence hence do
take
May gentle memories bind me close to thee!

VALUES.

Though bow'd in deep distress
'Neath troubles sore,
Should I myself confess
As naught and then despise
Myself the more
As my fell'd spirit dies?
Pray, what boast I
Of deed or proud estate?
If I should die
Not even known nor great
Might be my name!
Oh, bitter shame,
But true withal 'twould seem,
That what men mainly deem
The most worth while—
Though tinged with guile—
Is gold! But thanks be God
Though bowed beneath the rod
Of chance, only the heart
That understands—apart
From all the chinking gold
Beneath the skies—
The harmony that's told
In Friendship's eyes
Has an estate so rare

The House of Aegeus and Other Verse

Naught else nor gold can share!
Can Paradise give more
Than Love perfected?
Or open any door
To scene projected
More bright with hope
Than that which lies
Gently protected
Where Love abides?

THE CONFLICT.

No matter where or how begun
We must our given races run.
We must not falter in the strife
If we would win the Game of Life.
When once begun, though unfulfilled,
We must our *duty* do, instilled
With only good desire and aim
If we a rich reward would claim.
The deepest longings of our souls,
Though pointing us to other goals,
Must be subservient to a will
To tread our duty's pathway still!

A STEAMER LETTER.

When thou'rt on the snow-capped billow,
 When the helm is held a-lea,
When the mast-head bends like willow,
 As the bark leaps o'er the sea,
When the sweet, soft breeze is blowing,
 When the Sun's declining, glowing,
Let thy thoughts ebb back a-knowing
 There's a heart that smiles for thee!

When the tempest rushes 'round thee,
 When the heavens on fire appear,
When the vulturous winds have bound thee,
 'Neath the hatch in helpless fear,
When thy bark drifts battered, broken,
 With no sign of help nor token,
There's a prayer gone up, unspoken,
 From the heart that holds thee dear!

When at last the morn awaketh,
 When Night's shadows flee away,
When upon thy sadness breaketh
 Hope that brightens in each ray,
When on far horizon, gleaming,
 Looms the object of thy dreaming,
In the heart that waits, all beaming,
 Love will know its fairest day!

DE PROFUNDIS.

What tongue can utter, what pen can spell
The weight of the burden? No measure can tell
What lies, like a pall o'er a desolate throne,
On the love, unrequited, that yearns for its own!

What spirit could speak, if it backward might fly,
From the desert of darkness beyond the night sky,
Of a dark more despairing or anguish more deep
Than the Love that hath failed its own treasure to
keep?

TREASURES.

No matter what may be my earthly lot,
Whether I lie 'neath cloth of gold in state,
When the road's end is reached, or on a cot,
Lowly and chill, ere entering the Gate
I pray there be a moment left to turn,
With my last breath, giving a glance that
sends
My soul's deep thanks for having what men yearn
The most to own but seldom find: True
friends!

OLD AGE.

A halo of content rests o'er the head
Of him from whom the days of life have fled;
For where 'tis by a noble life prepared,
Full fraught with love and deeds of kindness
 shared,
Old age brings not decline nor enmity
But the first days of immortality!

ON THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING
DAY.

When golden days with joys are blest,
When golden dreams come true,
Love's coronet, o'er all the rest,
Crowns joys and dreams and you!

REQUIEM.

When my poor dust to its own return'd
 Raise o'er my grave no shaft, with vain words
 deep
Inscribed, by which to beg what man has spurn'd
 To grant in life! I pray no heart may weep
When I the Larger Lesson shall have learned:
 But O, I pray some contrite heart may keep
My humble virtues deeply writ in trust
 And say to men that I was kind and just!

PART THREE

An Old-Time Negro Speaks



HARMONY.

Oh dere's music in de pine tree
 When de wind am weaving through,
An' de birds dey sing divinely
 When de leabes am wet wid dew.

Course I love de banjo's strummin',
 Fiddle moans so soothin'ly;
An' dey both seem allus hummin'
 Somethin' 'couragin' to me.

But dere's nothin' half so stirrin'
 Or dat calms de spirit's call
Like de fireside cricket chirin'
 Peace, good will an' love to all!

THE REMEDY.

Some folks say de world am changin'
From de way it use to be,
Lots of dif'ent 'pinions rangin'
Round amongst de folks we see.
Some folks say dey get moah pleasuah
Out ob life—and some moah woe;
But ole Time ain't changed de measuah
Folks was weighed in long ago!

Course dey ain't no use denyin'
Dat de world seems buzzin' roun',
Fastah all de time any flyin'
So ouah feet mos' leab de groun';
But its changed jes mighty little
Since de days when Adam came,
And de folks ain't changed a tittle,
It's de ways dat ain't de same.

What dis world ob folks am needin'
In de linin' ob dey hearts
Is a coat ob Love a-feedin'
Sunshine to de blackes' parts.
Nothin's wrong dat can't be righted,
"Seek" de Scriptuah says, "an' find."
Fields would bloom dat now seem blighted,
If de world would jus' be kind.

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DEY OLE TIME WAY.

When dey sat around de fireside in de good ole
days of yoah,

Massa readin,' Miss' a-knittin', chilluns playin' on
de floah,

'Pears to me like times wuz bettah

'Cause folks live up to de lettath

Of dey teachin'! But dat's ovah! Someone's
closed de Old Time Doah.

Massa now hangs 'roun' de club room, Miss' am
servin' punch or tea,

While de half-grown kids am roamin' wheah dey
hadn't oughta be!

Wish I knowed jus' how to make dem

Start all ovah! I would take dem

Back, if able, to de way of livin' planned for
dem and me!

Happiness needs nursin', now'days, cause, as
Mammy used to say,

"It don't die, but once—an' den dey ain't no
resurrection day!"

Nothin's sho 'nough wuth de gettin'

'Cept by simple, honest frettin'

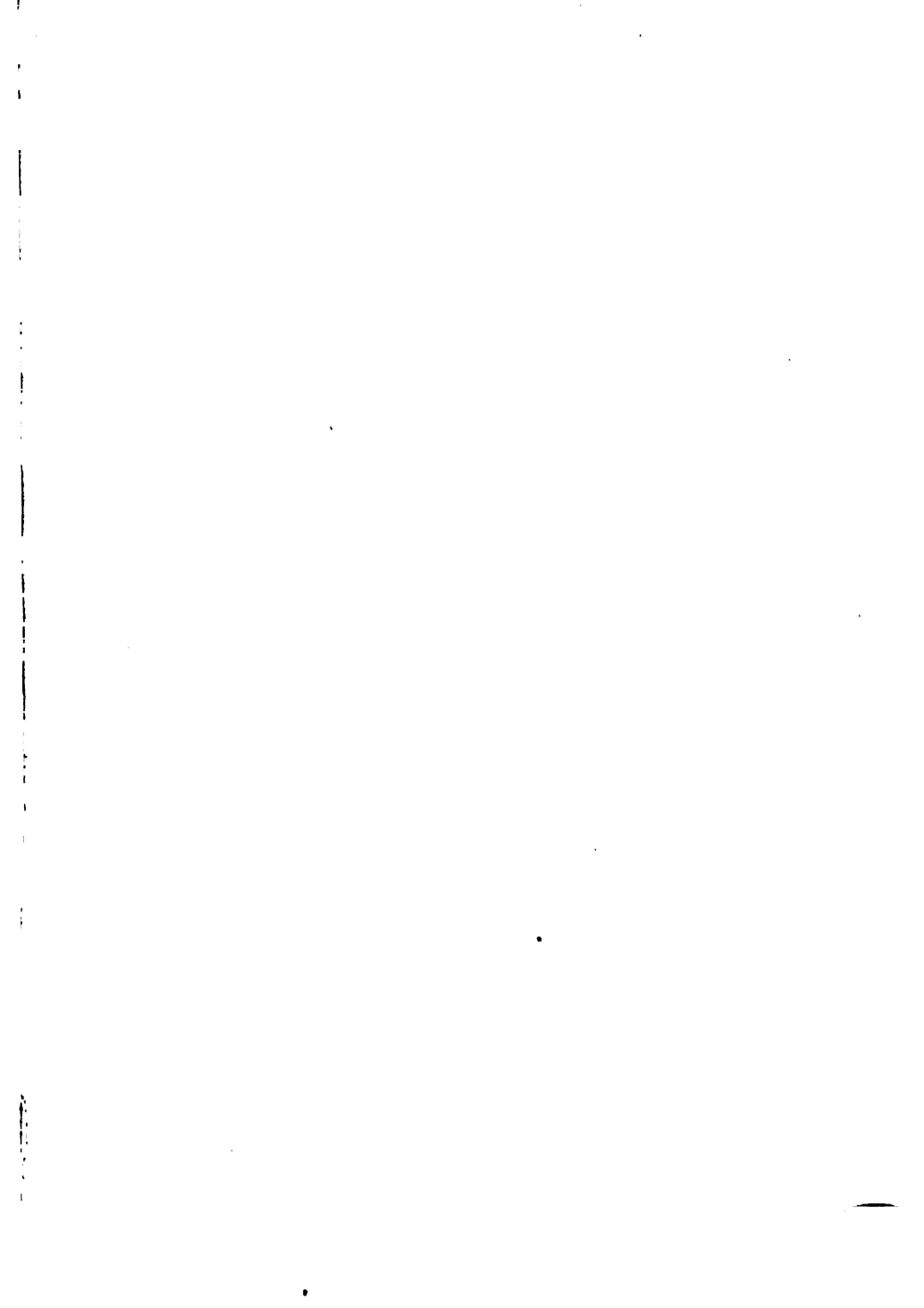
Aftah tings dat make de home-life happy in de
old time way!

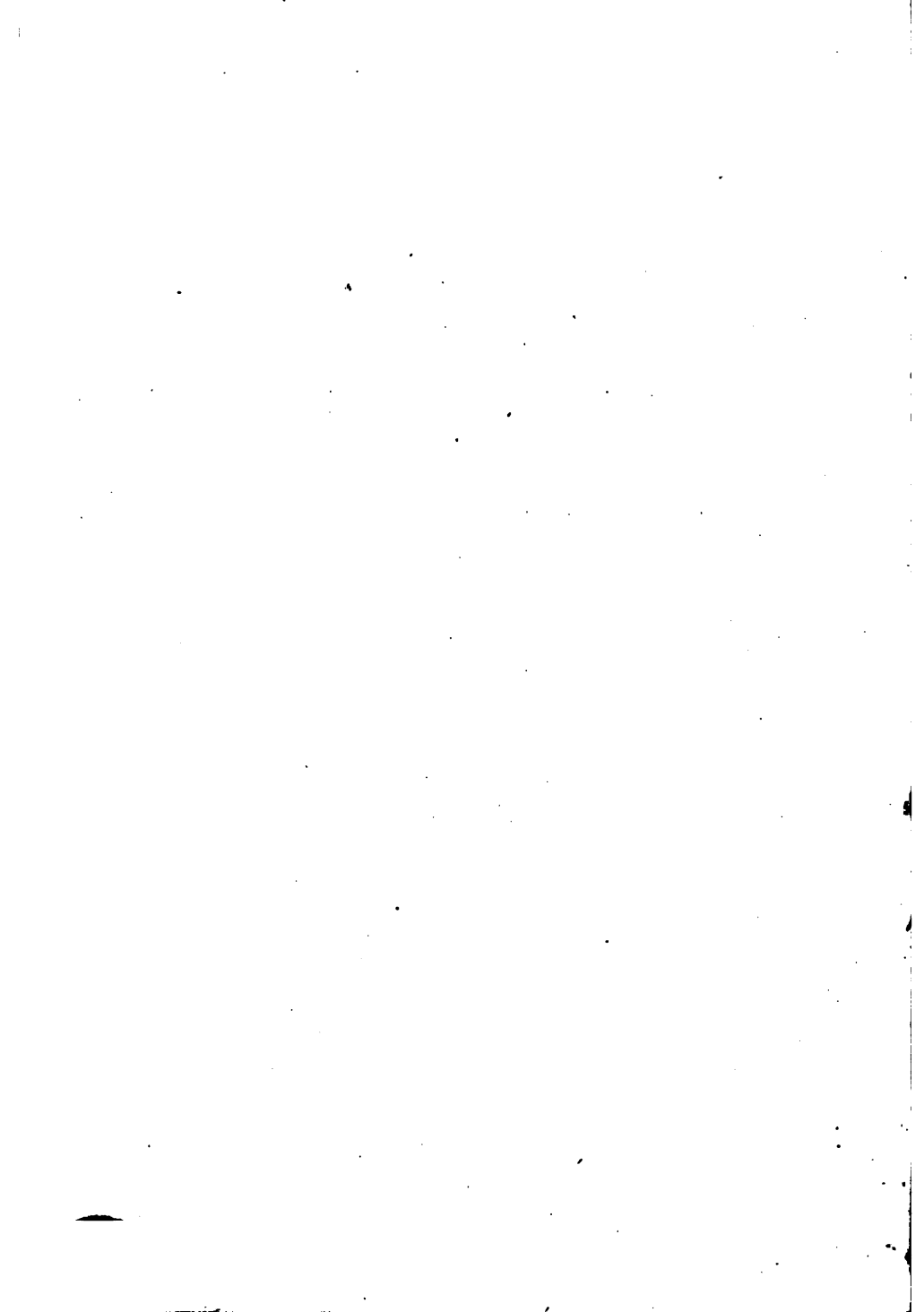
DE ROAD.

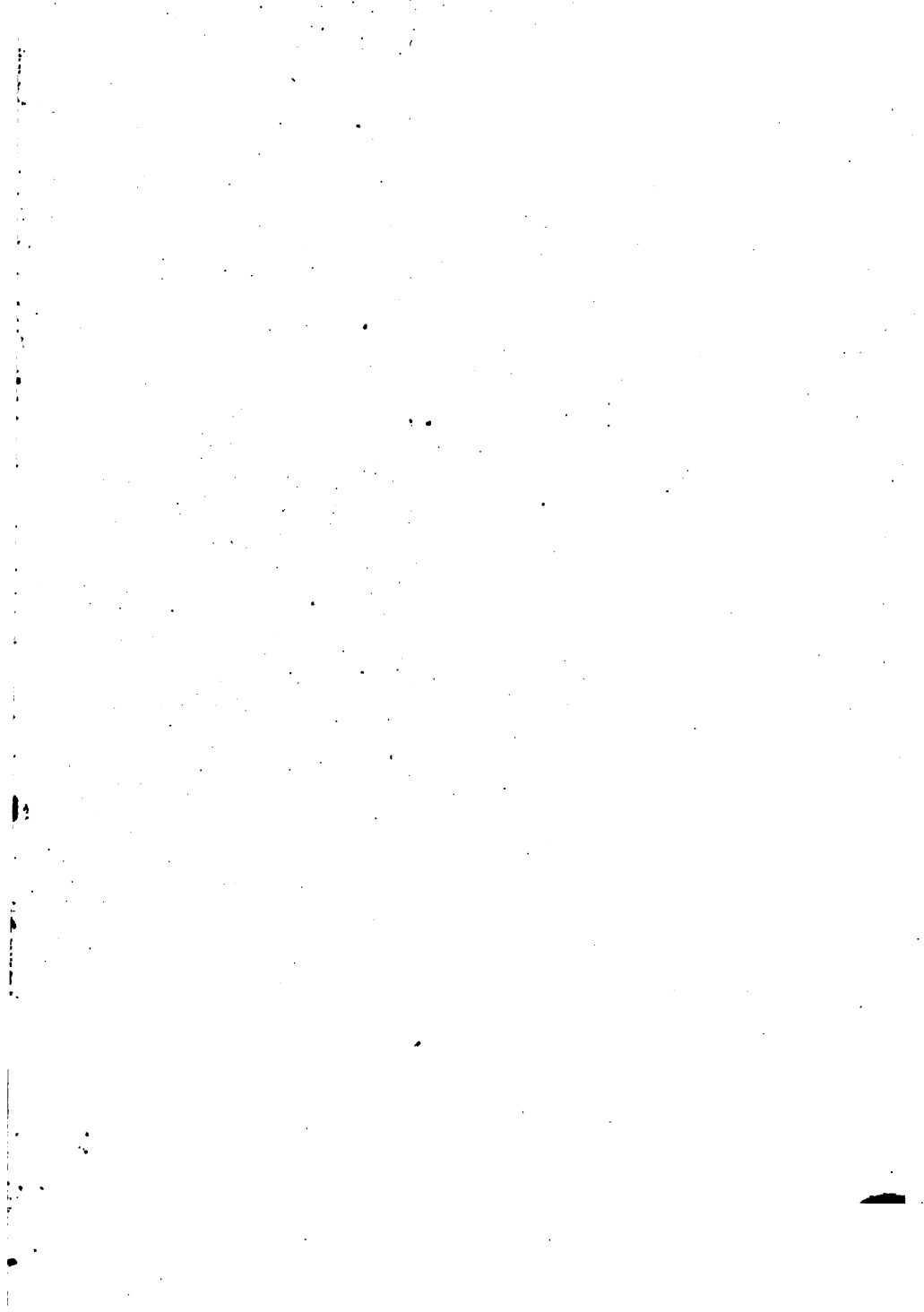
In dis worl' we's always trav'lin',
An' a-studyin' as we roam,
Tryin' for to keep unravelin'
Myst'ries of Dat Place call'd Home.
We's a-dreamin' 'bout de rivahs
An' de golden streets an' thrones
In de lan' wheah fros, an shivahs
Never shrivels up ouah bones.

But we all t'inks mighty little
'Bout de road we's trav'lin oah,
For what's theah don't count a tittle
If de road don't pass de doah!
If we's trav'lin' on de wide-road,
Wearin' gold an' silks an' lace,
It don't beat de rags an' side-road
If dey both lead to *Dat Place!*

Some folks, 'cause de road looks easy,
'Cause it's wide enough foah all,
Trifle 'long an' get so lazy
Dey can't heah de trumpet call.
'Ain't but one way to keep goin'
If we want to win de race,
Jus' keep travlin' always knowin'
If we try we'll reach *Dat Place!*







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~~JUL 13 1964~~

